Marital Dispute

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Marital Dispute

by harleygirl2648

Summary

“I don’t like her.”

Will sighed then, running a hand through his hair as Hannibal started undoing his tie in the mirror. “She’s fine, Hannibal, she’s not rude or anything, she just gets a little attached. Don’t kill her, please, we’re trying to keep a low profile.”

Even the happiest couples get into fights sometimes.

Notes

Hi all! Well, I sent out a request on my Tumblr for Hannigram prompts and I got a lovely anon who wanted Hannigram in a fight and ifgrasswereblue wanted a certain Latin phrase to be used. So I killed two birds with one stone and combined them into this!

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal prided himself on his self-control. Whenever he decided that this particular rude person would go in his Rolodex, he would usually wait a week or so before striking, he liked to bide his time, plan it down to the last minute. Even here, free at last with Will, he would wait before picking a victim, and Will usually had the final say in those instances.

However, at the moment, they had a mutual agreement to put a halt to the killing for a little while, as the last kill had been messier than it should have been. The police had not put any pieces together that would lead them to their house, but it was still wise to hold off until the investigation died down.

But that woman over there was *touching* Will's arm, and Hannibal's blood was *boiling.*

Yes, she was a patient of 'Dr. Kore's' and therefore she and Will were on good terms, and yes she had invited both of them to this dry art showing, but she was standing too close, smiling gently at him. And Will was smiling *back,* accepting a drink and continuing in their conversation.

"You are her therapist, Will, not her friend," Hannibal had stated when they got back home that night. Will had just laughed and flopped back onto the bed.

"I'm blending in, it will look suspicious if the people who keep going missing have some connection to us, you know."

"I don't like her."

Will sighed then, running a hand through his hair as Hannibal started undoing his tie in the mirror. "She's fine, Hannibal, she's not rude or anything, she just gets a little attached. Don't kill her, please, we're trying to keep a low profile."

Don't kill her, please, she just got a little attached.

That sentence ran through Hannibal's mind as he snapped her neck in a dark parking lot later that night, and it ran through his mind again when he got back home afterwards and climbed back into bed as Will unconsciously curled closer into his side.

Knock knock.

Will didn't have any patients for an hour, there was no reasons someone should be knocking at his door. Something like nerves shifted in his gut.

"Come in," he said, putting on a smile and carefully placing his hunting knife on his lap, hidden from view. Two police officers entered his office and he forced himself not to straighten up. "Good afternoon, gentlemen. Here to set up an appointment?"

They were not, as it turned out. No, apparently Toni Carrison, his patient, was last seen speaking with him at the party two nights ago. The last thing before the party had been their weekly appointment. Did he know where she might be?

In my fucking fridge, Will though, just barely restraining from gritting his teeth. He went on to give a long explanation for what was going on, some excuse, they all sounded believable enough that the police nodded, leaving their number and taking one of his business cards for so they could be in contact later.

So when Will finally got home, he was pissed.

“You’re late,” Hannibal remarked, chopping a cut of lean meat into little pieces on the cutting board, which only made Will even angrier.

“I’m late,” he said back, his soft tone immediately a mark for concern. “Would you like to know *why,* Hannibal?”

“Will-”

“I had the *police* in my *office* asking about Toni’s whereabouts, she apparently *disappeared* after the party two days ago.”

“I see.”

“Hannibal,” Will said coldly, folding his arms across his chest and glaring. “I *told* you not to-”

“She was-”

“Just a little attached, like I told you, which *really* set you the fuck off, I guess, anyone else becoming even slightly attached to me is something you don’t want.”

Hannibal abruptly stabbed the knife he was holding into the cutting board, the slightest flicker of anger in his eyes, a sign that he was also quite pissed off. *“Will.* It was never my intention to upset you. I simply-”

“The police have my card, Hannibal, they *know* us now. We are on their radar. If they get suspicious, they will run our IDs through the system and let the FBI know when they see that we aren't actually Julius and Patrick Kore. And then we have to run again, destroying any evidence of a paper trail and start all over again in another country. Or do you want the FBI to find us so that you can show off to Jack how you won *again?”*

“It was never my intention to put our lives here in danger.”

“You’re deflecting.”

“And you are exaggerating.”

“I - *I’m* exaggerating?” Will asked incredulously, letting out a slight laugh. *“I'm* exaggerating, that's rich coming from you, the absolute king of overreaction. I didn’t kill

someone immediately after they laid a hand on my husband's shoulder. I didn't send a serial killer after his ex-wife and stepson. I didn't-"

"I did not attempt to betray you to the FBI and ruin our potential future that night." Hannibal's voice alone drops the temperature in the room to below zero.

"No, you just stabbed me and left me there to die when I would have gone *with* you." Will's voice is only a few tones louder, but it sounds like shouting in the otherwise quiet kitchen.

"I did not intend to kill you."

"I know. You just wanted to leave a mark. That I am yours and no one else's."

"Precisely."

"You are so full of it, Jesus Christ."

"You are the one that-"

"Threw us off a cliff? Yeah, and you're welcome. Now you finally have a scar from me, and you have me here," Will states, taking off his jacket and deliberately leaving it on the floor and going into the kitchen and pouring a glass of water, and he brushed Hannibal's hand off of his shoulder, and almost *heard* his person mask crack right down the middle. He breathed out before saying, "I'm going to go change, I won't be home for dinner."

Hannibal emptied out everything that had been cooking on the stove and instead nursed a glass of wine and a plate of fine brie cheese for hours as he waited. The jacket remained on the floor, untouched.

His heart lightened slightly when Will got back home, even if Will chose to sit completely opposite from him in a different chair, flipping through his book. Hannibal did not initiate conversation for once.

"I have to go into town tomorrow," Will states, licking his finger and turning a page. "I got a phonecall from the detective, they want a psychiatric opinion on where Toni is. And I'm also finding a good scapegoat to take credit for our crimes."

Hannibal still hadn't said anything, it was slightly concerning. Will continued speaking, mentioning a topic he hadn't wanted to breach, but had to be said. "It would be a good idea to carry your passport around in case we have to run. They're starting to dig around into her personal life. But I think with some persuasion they will run in the other direction."

Still nothing. Will sighed.

"If you're trying the pity move, it's not going to work, I'm still mad at you. But I'm going to bed right now. I need to sleep right now."

Hannibal only refilled his glass as he said, "Have pleasant dreams."

"Why don't you sleep?"

“I have no desire to,” was his reply. Will rolled his eyes as headed up the stairs. Hannibal was flagellating himself again, offering his own pain as a plea for forgiveness. But it wasn’t going to work, not this time. Hannibal Lecter did not apologize, he always found a way for you to apologize to him.

Will woke up alone in bed the next morning, and immediately went downstairs to make coffee as he heard the shower turn on. Of course the man hadn’t slept, he was too busy throwing himself a pity party probably with a bottle of overly priced wine and sulking over some Italian poetry. Will left a cup of coffee on the counter with exactly one splash of creamer and a note that stated he would be home for dinner tonight.

He left before the shower turned off.

Luckily, the police were easy enough to sway with a few psychiatric terms and a deliberately vague criminal profile. He managed to push them in the direction of a killer he and Hannibal had been stalking for a few weeks. It would be easy to blame Toni’s disappearance on him. And he was let go without a second thought, and Will could finally breathe again when he returned home, about an hour before dinner. Which is why he was surprised to see Hannibal sitting on the couch, deep in thought, dinner not even started. Shrugging it off and resigning himself to leftover, Will went to the cabinet and opened it, taking out a glass and turning on the sink when Hannibal broke his silence.

“Will?”

“Yes?” he asks back, taking a sip of his water.

“I-” a pause, before Hannibal presses forward. “I - I apologize.”

And to Hannibal's credit, he only winced a little as one of his crystal glasses shattered on the floor. He was about to turn around to survey the damage when Will is suddenly in his frame of vision, eyes blown wide.

“What did you say?” he says lowly, head titled slightly in fascination. Hannibal can almost smile.

“I am - sorry.”

Instantly, Will is sitting beside him on the couch, riled up, his hand wrapping around Hannibal’s. “What- are you sick?”

“No.”

“You - you don’t apologize. *Ever.* In whatever moral code of ethics you have left, you never apologize for anything. It’s not in your nature.”

A smile pulls at the corners of Hannibal’s lips, and he squeezes Will’s hand. *“Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur.”*

“My Latin’s rusty, translation, please?”

“'Even a god finds it hard to love and be wise at the same time,'” Hannibal declares. Will raises his eyebrow.

“Do you think yourself a god, Hannibal?” he asks, amusement in his words, knowing Hannibal is going to change the subject to answer the question. “I’ve never known you to be humble.”

Hannibal’s response was typical. “I have always provided myself on my sense of control over myself and others. Until you. And once I let you into my life, I never regained it whenever you were involved. Do you remember the broken heart I made for you in Florence?”

Will smiled then, and nodded. “Yes. I saw a picture of who it was, he looked like- me. Which freaked me out a little bit. It - it reminded me of Garrett Jacob Hobbs, how he killed all those girls that looked like Abigail because he wanted to kill her, but his love for her got in the way. I imagine it was the same for you.”

Hannibal nods slightly, running his finger over Will’s wedding ring. “He looked remarkably similar to you. But he wasn’t you. The face was wrong, his voice was too smooth, too polished. He wasn’t you, so I had to kill him. As a tribute to you, my broken heart, all arranged for you.”

Will leans his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, almost laughing at how quickly Hannibal’s perfect posture relaxes to accommodate him. “Is it still broken?”

“No. The teacup did come together, even if time did not reverse. We are together forever, if you will have me.”

“Conjoined, remember?” Will jests, smiling as Hannibal’s arm snakes around his waist and he pressed his face against his neck, inhaling his scent. That damn new aftershave, he thinks, about the only thing Hannibal had insisted on since they had started their new life. “Hannibal?”

“Hmm?”

“Make me dinner.”

There’s a laugh against Will’s Adam’s apple before Hannibal pulled away to give him an absolutely adoring look. “What would you like?”

“Anything, as long as it’s food and you make it,” Will says back, letting Hannibal pull him up to his feet. He laughs as he gets one kiss pressed to his lips before they go into the kitchen and start to prepare dinner.

“Hannibal,” Will warned, catching that barely-hidden snarl underneath Hannibal’s calm exterior, taking his hand and digging his nails into his wrist to snap him out of his thoughts. They were out at the market today, and the man over at the spice table had kept looking in their direction. “No.”

“But he’s-”

“Looking at me, I am aware," Will says as he rolls his eyes and tries not to laugh at the bunch of grapes currently being choked to death in Hannibal's grasp, effectively staining the sleeve. "But no, you already had your fun recently. And if you try that stunt like you pulled *last* week of wearing me out in bed so you can sneak out and kill him, you will not touch me for a week. And that is a *promise.”*

“...I could always-”

Will chose to wrap his fingers around the tie around Hannibal's neck and pulling firm enough to get his attention as he smirked and purred, “Down, boy. Pretty please?”

“...fine.”

“Perfect. Now, let’s go home so you can channel that jealous energy into something more...*pleasurable* for both parties.”

He pulled on Hannibal’s tie a little harder and smirked again as Hannibal allowed himself to be pulled along for a ways, savoring the heated look in his eyes.

End Notes

Please please leave comments and kudos galore, I love responding to them! If you'd like to send me some ideas for fics, please send an ask to my Tumblr !

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!